

THE CHILHOWEE ECHO

KNOXVILLE, APRIL 21, 1900.

Published Every Saturday at Knoxville, Tenn.

Club Notes.

The clubs which meet on Monday should send in their reports by Tuesday evening, and those which meet on Tuesday should send in theirs not later than Wednesday morning, to insure their insertion.—Eds.

OSSOLI CIRCLE.

Ossoli met in regular session April 17th at the appointed hour, the efficient President, Mrs. Saxton, in the chair.

Miss Alida Rule was elected a delegate to represent Ossoli at the State Federation which convened in Memphis the 18th. The Circle desiring to show its appreciation of the many kindnesses and courtesies of Prof. Nelson to Ossoli unanimously voted to send him as "Soloist" in the Grand Concert which was given during the time of the Federation.

The subject for the afternoon was "Civics," Mrs. C. J. McClung presiding as chairman of this department. Mrs. Tyler presented a full and able paper upon the subject "Employer and Employee." The second paper "Relief of the Unemployed" was given by Miss Skeffington in a clear and concise manner. Both papers provoked much discussion and great interest was manifested. It was voted to have the paper upon "Relief of the Unemployed" published as it contained so many practical hints of vital interest to our city.

E. R. T.

FOOD-FRIENDS.

BELLE BEARDEN BARRY.

Some days ago while conversing with a friend about the many different dispositions we meet as we go through life, and their attraction or repulsion for other natures with whom they come in contact, the following interjection came into my mind: "May we not very readily class our acquaintances and friends as we do our food?" The one furnishes mental food, while the other furnishes food for the body.

Some of our physical food is necessary, another kind may be more necessary, while there are certain foods we cannot do without. Some friends are essential to our welfare in life, others are more essential, while there are certain ones whose presence to our happiness and mental health is indispensable.

How easy it is for us to call to mind a certain dish of which we are not very fond, and just as natural to find it to call to mind one or more of our acquaintances whose presence we desire but seldom. We cannot be censured for this because we are not responsible for this innate feeling of attraction and repulsion, which is a part of our humanity, but we become responsible for our words and actions when thrown with such persons, and if we act well our part we will say or do nothing which will detract from their pleasure.

There is the friend we might name the Dessert-friend, which signifies we can do without him very well, although his presence seems to give a final touch to our number of friends.

Now let us call to mind our Coffee-friends, those who stimulate us with their brilliant conversation and ready wit—causing our own mental powers to exercise pleasantly and with due reciprocation. Such friends we delight to find, and to such are we powerfully drawn.

Who is our Fruit-friend? He who brings to us refreshment and cheer with every look and word, while his joyous face beams upon us his heart-light, and heart-love, and how glad is human nature to welcome such friendship as this, whose sweet influence permeates our being—to remain with us after the giver has departed. This kind of friend we all will be ready to meet half way.

Have we any Lemon-friends? Shall we say it is the pleasure of such to flavor with acidity every sentence they utter, while almost every word is a complaint, and every look a frown, taken from the only side of Life's picture which they are able to see? Let us show pity to such—but let us not succeed in numbering many of this class in our own circle, lest their disease become contagious, the result of which would be more dreadful than a wintry storm with thermometer below zero.

Now, what shall we call our best friends? Let me suggest the name Bread-friends—for as bread is the staff of life, so do our best and truest friends become the support

of our mental, moral and spiritual life, without whom we dare not live. To look at them cheers us, to be near them inspires us, and to talk with them fills us with joy not attained in any other way.

As we are part of God, so are our dearest friends part of us. When they are happy, we are happy from the sunshine which they reflect upon us from the full fountain of their true and unselfish natures. To us their presence is an inspiration, which catches and holds our very being with its impenetrable power, while to our ears their voices are ever the softest, sweetest and most harmonious music, which in our daily walk through life, does so much toward counteracting the many things which are foreign and repulsive to us. When they meet with sad events in life, which cause the clouds to hover near for a time, we are sad also, until we have invented some means by which we may relieve their minds and brighten their hearts, for where there is true friendship, real sympathy is always found.

One versed in human nature may easily determine under which of these heads his many friends may be classed. Which of these shall we choose to be? Most of us would prefer being a Fruit-friend, or a Bread-friend, for we not only enjoy imbibing the fresh air and sweet sunshine of life, but we believe in helping to impart their comforts and beauties to those around us, not only occasionally, but daily and hourly. We can do this. Let us try.

WASTE AND ECONOMY.

A bright little Frenchwoman, whose own housekeeping is a marvel of frugality and elegance, said not long ago, upon a hotel piazza: "The wealth of Americans is thrown out in the garbage pail." Frivolous listeners thought the remark a trifle coarse, but thoughtful ones were impressed by its truth.

The waste of food, through ignorance, is pitiable, though partly excusable, but a wilful, reckless waste of the supply God has given to His creatures is a sin against humanity, and political economists say that the household waste of one week in America would support the whole population for two weeks, and this is true of no other country.

The French housekeeper makes marketing a science. She adapts her selections to the use that is to be made of them. Small quantities and everything consumed is her unwritten law. At the same time her thoughts fly to different uses for every bit of food she buys. She cannot calculate exactly how much will be eaten at a meal, and the little that will be left she sees in her mind's eye forming the basis of revivals which skill shall make more delicious than at the first appearance of the same viands.

Ask an American woman what becomes of the water in which the table vegetables were boiled, and she will tell you it is poured down the sink. In a French kitchen every drop of it is religiously preserved to add quantity, richness and flavor to soups and gravies. When the dishes are cleared from the table there may be a hopeless-looking beefsteak bone on a background of cold melted butter, and a broken slice of bread. As a mere matter of instinct a thoroughly-trained French servant wipes the buttery dish with the bread and drops both it and the bone into the stock kettle, which is the life and soul of all cooking, the foundation of soups, sauces, purées, and many other of the excellent food preparations with which French housekeepers supplement the solid joints of meat.

If a piece of meat has lain upon your plate, and been touched with your knife and fork, when you cut off such a portion as you wished to eat, it did not thus become poisonous, and should not be thrown away. The French cook will daintily drop such pieces into a bowl of warm water, to free them from other food, and then add them to the contents of the stock kettle.

Those who serve dishes at table should understand that it is not kind to load the plate with a large quantity of food, but allow the privilege of asking for more, and those who are served should refuse to take either a kind or quantity of food that they cannot eat. Children should be early taught that it is exceedingly ill-bred and beast-like to mix up the different kinds of food upon their plates, but whatever remains should be left in a nice condition—the bread upon the cloth near the plate; the butter upon the edge of the plate, etc.

In many families where the father has a terrible struggle to provide for half a dozen hungry children, nice bits of meat, bread,

butter, potatoes, etc., are at every meal dashed into the garbage pail by the silly mother, who wilfully remains ignorant of domestic economy, and would treat with scorn any one who should suggest that this was a wicked waste of God's precious gifts. Such people usually remain poor, but have not sense enough to see that it is their own fault. In many families there is enough thus wasted every year to pay for the education of the children, and buy all their school books.

Those who have had the privilege of being entertained in well-to-do French families, know that their cooking is delicious, and eminently nourishing, because the cooks, by their anti-wasteful habits, preserve those very nutritious portions of food which we carelessly, or scornfully throw away. One or two simple rules from the basis of a French woman's practice: One is, that every eatable part of food is to be eaten; another, that every dish should please the eye, the palate and the sense of smell.

The intelligence that conducts a household on this principle is worth more than money, and the faculty of making the most of everything in providing for the table, makes a small income cover more ground than a large one, and cover it, too, in a more satisfactory manner. And the penny saved at every turn by forethought and good management soon makes a highly respectable sum.—Home Knowledge.

Woman's Club Directory.

STATE FEDERATION.

President, Mrs. W. D. Beard, Memphis; Vice-President, Mrs. C. M. Greve, Chattanooga; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Jonathan Tipton, Knoxville; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Keith Fuller, Maryville; Treasurer, Mrs. W. S. Dixon, Morristown; Auditor, Miss Leah Fletcher, Cleveland.

WOMAN'S BUILDING BOARD.

President, Mrs. L. D. Tyson; Vice-President, Mrs. Samuel McKinney; Secretary, Mrs. John Williams; Treasurer, Mrs. W. B. Lockett; Auditor, Mrs. J. M. P. Otta. Meets every alternate Thursdays.

OSSOLI.

President, Mrs. H. N. Saxton, Jr.; Vice-President, Mrs. Jonathan Tipton; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. W. B. Lockett; Secretary, Mrs. L. B. Audigier; Treasurer, Mrs. T. A. R. Nelson. Meets every Monday at 2:30.

TUESDAY MORNING MUSIC CLUB.

President, Miss Alice Saxton; Vice-President, Mrs. C. P. Garrett; Secretary, Miss Fannie Nelson; Treasurer, Mrs. Baker; Musical Director, Mrs. J. L. Meek. Meets every Tuesday.

ART CLUB.

President, Mrs. A. A. Yeager; First Vice-President, Mrs. Charlton Brooke; Second Vice-President, Mrs. Lloyd Branson; Secretary, Miss Ellen Wiley; Treasurer, Mrs. W. S. Nash.

Meets third Tuesday in each month. On the following days, from 9 to 12 a. m., students will be received and assisted in their work by: Monday, Mrs. J. E. Lutz; Wednesday, Mrs. Lloyd Branson; Friday, Mr. James Wallace.

DAUGHTERS OF THE CONFEDERACY.

President, Mrs. Samuel McKinney; Vice-President, Mrs. R. H. Sanson; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. A. K. Seiden; Secretary, Miss Ella Boll; Treasurer, Mrs. James Hensley. Meets every third Wednesday.

All the above clubs hold their meetings in the Woman's Building.

HOSPITAL BOARD.

President, Mrs. W. C. McCoy; Vice-President, Mrs. T. S. Webb; Secretary, Mrs. S. D. Roney; Treasurer, Mrs. G. N. Harrell. Meets first and third Wednesday in each month at G. A. R. Rooms.

D. A. R.

Regent, Mrs. Charles Perkins; Vice-Regent, Mrs. William Caswell; Registrar, Mrs. James Rogers; Secretary, Mrs. Charlton Brooke; Treasurer, Mrs. Geo. Winstead; Historian, Mrs. T. S. Webb. Meets every Thursday afternoon at homes of members.

WOMAN'S RELIEF CORPS.

President, Mrs. Tillie Rankin; Senior Vice-President, Laura Allen; Junior Vice-President, Little West; Secretary, Mrs. M. H. Chapman; Treasurer, C. L. Seaman; Chaplain, Mrs. Sarah Vick; Conductor, Jennie Carter; Guard, Nannie Hudlberg; Assistant Conductor, Josephine C. Zeigler; Assistant Guard, Mary Adkins. Meets first and third Tuesdays in Minnie Building.

BARBARA BLOUNT.

President, Miss Wilson; Vice-President, Miss Ringgold; Secretary, Miss McCormick; Treasurer, Miss Perry; Editor, Barbara Blount; Assistant Editor, Miss Coffin; Chairman Executive Committee, Miss Russell; Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Wilkinson.

NEWMAN CIRCLE.

President, Mrs. Laura Thornburg; Secretary, Miss Hermina Nelson; Treasurer, Miss Margaret Condon. Meets every other Monday at homes of members.

MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION.

President, Mrs. William Caswell; Vice-President, Miss Mistle Ault; Secretary, Mrs. M. E. Lloyd; Treasurer, Miss Moody White; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. S. K. Hunter. Meets quarterly at Miss M. E. Ault's.

A LESSON IN HISTORY.

BY JOHN N. HILLIARD.

ONE of the first stories that an American father tells his children is the famous midnight ride of Paul Revere from Charlestown to Concord. The sculptor French preserved the features of the colonial goldsmith in deathless bronze, and Longfellow immortalized the deed in verse. The first story that a Boer boy hears from his father's lips is the heroic ride of Marthinus Oosthuysen. The tale has been handed down, by word of mouth, from generation to generation, and the fame in South Africa of the young Boer, who braved death by riding through a swarm of Zulus, rivals that of Paul Revere in American history. It is a story of the great trek, and to tell it one must hark back to the very beginning of the trouble between Boer and Briton.

In 1837 Lord Glenelg, the British secretary of state for the colonies, announced that the government would not attempt to exercise sovereignty over the land that lay north of the Drakensberg, the land that is now within the boundaries of Natal and the Transvaal republic. This was welcome news to the Boers, who bitterly resented Great Britain's interference in their ethical and private affairs. "We are ruined by being robbed of our slaves," reads one of their revolutionary manifestoes. "They roam about the country as vagrants and steal our cattle. The missionaries, who are the advisers of the government, say that a black man is as good as a white and better. We will not submit to it. We are God's chosen people, and we will leave this benighted country, this hotbed of injustice, and seek the promised land. We will trek to the north and pitch our tents on the banks of the Nile."

This was the beginning of the trouble that is to-day resulting in a bloody war in South Africa. It was the beginning of the almost continuous conflict that has raged between the Dutch farmers and the English since that time.

We think of South Africa to-day as a country of great distances, of long stretches between the struggling little villages, and still greater distances between the cities of any size, and we are not entirely mistaken. Even to-day, nearly three-quarters of a century since the Dutch farmers started on their long trek, a journey from Cape Town to Kimberley is not to be undertaken too lightly, and a journey into Natal is even longer. But to-day much of South Africa is girdled with railroads, and if a journey of many hundreds of miles is not to be considered lightly now, what must it have been in 1837.

And so the trek began. Louis Trichard was the first. He was a man of violent temper, whose hatred of the English was so open that he was believed to have incited the Kaffirs in the year of 1834-35. A reward was set upon his head, and he found it advisable to leave the Cape Colony. Another party of Boer trekkers, under the leadership of Piet Retief, left the colony a little later. With this expedition was Paul Kruger, a boy of ten years, the present president of the Transvaal republic. Another member of the little band of pioneers was Marthinus Oosthuysen, the hero of an adventure that has no parallel in the most improbable fiction.

There was no definite destination in the minds of the Boer leaders. The main idea was to get as far as possible from British interference. "Trekkings" northward beyond the Drakensberg, they finally pitched their tents near the capital of Dingaan, the great Zulu chieftain, who received the burghers cordially. Not satisfied with the promise of the English secretary, Retief deemed it safer to obtain a cession of such land as they desired from the native chiefs. Dingaan promised them all the land they wanted, and invited the leaders to visit his capital, when the treaties would be drawn up. Retief accepted the invitation, and with 70 of his party visited the Zulu stronghold. They were royally received, and the festivities in their honor continued four days.

On the day when the treaty was signed Dingaan invited his guests to attend a farewell feast in his own kraal that evening. The Boers accepted, but when they attempted to enter the kraal with their guns the Zulu chieftain objected and asked his visitors to leave their weapons outside. The Boers murmured at first, but Dingaan told them that arms were out of place at such a gathering and showed them that all the Zulus were unarmed; so the Boers, unsuspecting treachery or double-dealing on Dingaan's part, stacked their arms at the gate and went into the feast.

While the barbaric banquet was at its height Dingaan rose to his feet, and, holding a gourd in his hand, said he would toast his guests. Then he uttered the fatal words "Bulala Abotagati!" ("Kill the white devils!"); and before the Boers had a thought of danger a thousand warriors fell upon them with assegais and clubs. Not a soul survived.

But the massacre of Retief and his men was only a part of Dingaan's diabolical plan. That same night he marched away with a large army toward the main encampment of the Boers. At midnight the Zulu impi (war party) fell upon the sleeping Boers, and another slaughter followed. Men, women and children were butchered. In the confusion of the fight, and aided by the darkness, 14 men and boys escaped, and made their way to a small hill, on the summit of which they improvised a laager, or fort. The Zulus followed them in the morning, but the little handful of Boers repulsed assault after assault, until their ammunition was completely exhausted.

At this critical moment a white man was seen riding in the rear of the Zulu lines. It was Marthinus Oosthuysen, who had just returned from a three days' hunting trip. The beleaguered and desperate Boers signalled to him that they were out of ammunition, and he rode back to the scene of the massacre, a mile away, where he loaded himself with powder and ball.

The Zulus were 2,000 strong, and as they were between the young Boer and his comrades there was, seemingly, not one chance in a million that he could ride through the lines. But Marthinus Oosthuysen calmly took this chance. With superhuman courage he spurred his horse against the living wall. The air was black with a storm of assegais and spears. Great clubs were swung at his head, and huge javelins were hurled at his horse. But steed and rider bore charmed lives. They broke through the barrier, dashed up the slope of the kop and were safe.

The savages, frenzied at this escape, swarmed up to the very stones of the laager; but the Boers had been imbued with new strength and fought like demons. The blacks were cut down like wheat by the fire from the deadly rifles in the hands of the Boers. The savages fought until hundreds of their dead were heaped upon the veldt. They fought all day; and when night came they withdrew to a safe distance, where they waited and watched. But that same night Marthinus Oosthuysen led his companions away from the Renaberg Kop, as it is known to-day, and when morning came they were many miles away, en route to Fort Natal, on the coast.—N. Y. Ledger.

HIS ORCHARD BOUGHS

BY IDA KENNISTON.

FOR three days Ford Ashcroft, editor of the popular Now-a-Days Magazine, has been kept at home by a wretched cold. To-day he felt almost himself again, but a whistling, driving snowstorm, a fierce blizzard, such as sometimes strikes New York in the latter part of February, was raging, and forbade him to venture out. Tired with the unwonted inaction of the past two days, the editor's thoughts turned to his work, and he began to consider the make-up of the number now in preparation.

"I'm not quite satisfied with the May number," he murmured. "It's a little heavy for May; there ought to be more of the light and life and blossoming of May in it. Now, those 'Pastelles'—we haven't any really good spring story in them."

The "Pastelles," a new department of the magazine, were short sketches, with hardly plot enough to be called stories; sometimes a light character study—a delicate word painting of some aspect of nature.

He has given that same May number much previous consideration, but as yet has been unable to get the issue into the shape which he wishes it. Fred Ashcroft has the reputation of being a careful editor, one who studies the demands of the public, and the Now-a-Days Magazine has the reputation of being the best on the market for that very reason. It is always timely, and that is what attracts the public. It never prints a Christmas story in July, but its contents are always appropriate to the season. It is for that very reason that Fred Ashcroft is giving it his attention to-day. The number that is just ready for the press lacks a timely story that it should have, one that savors of the spring flowers and kindred topics. So as the driving snow beats against his window the editor is thinking of the flowers of May, and wracking his brain to evolve a Maytime story.

Mr. Ashcroft took an art calendar from the wall by his side and turned the leaves until he came to the May page. The picture was an excellent copy of a water color painting. It represented an orchard of apple trees, covered with their pink and white bloom. A young girl stood under one of the trees, leaning gracefully against the gnarled trunk, her hands clasped loosely before her. The whole was delicately tinted, and seemed almost to carry with it a faint fragrance of the blossom-laden May.

His thoughts went back to the village of Raynor, where he had spent a few months years ago. Some college prank had brought him into trouble with the faculty, and he had been suspended for four months. His father had sent him to the little Connecticut village to spend the time with an old college classmate.

One of the village girls, shy little Faith Thorne, had from the first held captive his boyish fancy. As he came to know her better her influence increased, and he said to himself that he had found the pearl among women. Brought up in a Quaker household, for Faith was an orphan and lived with her grandparents, a certain quaintness, a childlike simplicity and directness, made her seem unlike the other merry, chattering country lasses.

Little by little he and Faith came to be more and more to each other; the wild rose flush in her cheeks deepened when he was by, a sweet shyness made the blue eyes droop before his.

She would not let him bind himself by any promise; they were both too young, she had said. He must go away now, finish his college course with honor, and then, when he had taken the place waiting for him in his father's office, he might come again to Raynor, and he would find her waiting for him.

So, on this afternoon, with the February storm raging without, Ford Ashcroft's thoughts went back and lingered on the springtime idyl of those long ago years. Could it be 12 years—Faith would be 20 now, but somehow he could not think of her as looking much older than the young girl he had lost in the orchard. Surely she had not lost that pure, childlike face—a little older, perhaps, a little sadder, but still with those innocent, wistful eyes. And he—well, he was 34; he had lived in the midst of the rush and whirl of city life.

"It would make a good 'Pastelle,'" he finally remarked, and turned to his desk, took up his pen and began to write. Slowly at first, then, as the past seemed to come nearer, his pen moved more rapidly over the page. He told of the college youth in the little village, of the shy maiden who won his boyish heart; he described the old orchard with its glory of apple blossoms; he seemed almost to inhale their delicate fragrance as he wrote. The whole pretty idyl was told in simple words, but with such exquisite art that one who read might also see the pretty picture of the girl Faith, with her pure, trustful eyes, and the boyish lover who bent to kiss her cheek beneath the orchard boughs. Then the story of the young lover who went away, who grew older and sterner, who struggled and won—and forgot.

After awhile he took the pen and wrote again. A month later the editor was startled to find among his personal mail at the office an envelope bearing the postmark of Raynor.

"My Dear Ford: I have read the story, 'Under Orchard Boughs,' in the Now-a-Days, and though you have changed the names of the people and of the place I knew at once that it was our story. But, dear, you should not have ended it as you did. When Fred Reynolds falls asleep in the little railway station, where he is waiting for his trainful of apple blossoms, whose fragrance stealing into his dreams, makes him fancy himself once more in the old orchard; when he wakes to find it but a dream, and knows at last the one thing his life has lacked in the midst of its seeming prosperity; when, seized with a sudden heartick longing for a sight of the Faith he had known, he rushes to the ticket office and asks for a ticket to the little village; ah, Ford, why did you not let him carry out his first impulse, why did you make him hesitate and turn his back on the hope he might have made his own?"

"I cannot say more than this—if you care to come to Raynor you will find me waiting in the old orchard, and you will find me still waiting."

"FAITH THORNE."

Ford Ashcroft crushed the letter in his hand with a muttered imprecation. "Coward!" he said to himself, fiercely. "Could I have found enough literary material without dragging poor little Faith into print? It was a dastardly thing to do, but who would have thought she would have seen the thing. And now—"

He hastily put the letter in his pocket as the sound of voices was heard in the hall. The next moment the door was thrown open and two children rushed in, the older one exclaiming, breathlessly: "Papa, papa, the carriage has come, and mamma is ready, and you said you'd go to wide wiv us to-day, 'cause it's my birthday, and I'm six years old."

Ashcroft picked up the child and gave her half a dozen kisses in honor of the day. Then he went for a drive with his wife and little one, the pathetic letter from Faith Thorne still in his pocket.—Chicago Herald.



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Less than a year remains in which to gather facts, and information that will influence your vote for the next president of the United States.

That grievous wrongs have been committed, and grave errors allowed to exist without effort at correction, is evidenced by the speech, writings, and comments of eminent statesmen and jurists; congressmen and leading men of business; professors and clergymen in every state.

Party affiliations have been ignored in the outcry against thrusting aside the safeguards of our fathers and rushing pell-mell into the affairs of Europe. The situation is a deplorable one if not alarming; as is also our domestic affairs dominated by gigantic trusts.

The evils are not of spontaneous growth! They are the result of years of labor and expenditure of millions of dollars! Beginning with the displacement of American silver for English gold, the cunning of England's diplomacy in shaping the destiny of our Republic is apparent to any ordinary observer seeking the true inwardness of events.

The Cincinnati Enquirer has frequently called attention to each and every move as it was transpiring, and during the campaign of 1900 will present its readers with a truthful array of facts that will be extremely interesting and startling.

No fair-minded American, be he Republican, Democrat or of other political faith, can afford at this critical time to ignore the truth. Partisan prejudice, with the trusts as dictators, is a far more degrading slavery than that which existed previous to the Civil War of '61-64.

Trusts in the United States alone have a representative capital greater than all the gold and silver in the world. These will spend many more millions of dollars to suppress truth and facts and mislead all who fail to look beyond their plausible deceptions. Read the Enquirer and you will be able to discern the truth and combat falsehood. A victory for trusts and the McKinley Administration in 1900 will end the era of greatest good to greatest number.

Watch carefully the Cincinnati Enquirer.